And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, & cooſin *Glendower*, will you ſit downe?
And vncle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the Map.

Glen. No, here it is; ſit Cooſin *Percy*, ſit good Cooſin *Hotſpur*; for by that name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you, his Cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glen. I can not blame him; at my natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of firie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitened, though your ſelfe had neuer bin borne.

Glen. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hot. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glen. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh! then the Earth ſhooke to ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie:
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes foorth
In ſtrange eruptions, and the teeming Earth,
Is with a kind of Collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and toples downe
Steeples, and moſſ-growne Towers. At your Birth
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glen. Cooſin, of many men
I doe not beare theſe croſsings: giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ran from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted Fields,